

# Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

ments for the benefit of other per-  
sons, as well as all legal advertise-  
ments, and advertisements of real  
estate, or auction sales, sent in by  
them, must be paid at the usual  
rates.  
Cards of acknowledgment, religious  
notices, and the like, one inser-  
tion, 50 cents per square.  
Births, marriages and deaths, in-  
serted without charge; but all ad-  
ditions to the ordinary announce-  
ment, as obituary notices, &c., will  
be charged at 4 cents per line, no  
charge being less than 25 cents.  
No paper will be discontinued  
until arrears are paid, except at  
the option of the publishers.

Job Printing  
in its various branches, executed  
with despatch.  
F. A. PRATT... WM. MESSER

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## Poetry.

### "KISS ME, MOTHER, AND LET ME GO."

Have you heard the news that I heard to-day?  
The news that trembles on every lip?  
The sky is dark again they say,  
And breakers threaten the good old ship.  
Our country calls on her sons again,  
To strike, in her name, at a dastard foe;  
She asks for six hundred thousand men,  
And I would be one, mother. Let me go.  
The love of country was born with me:  
I remember how my young heart would thrill  
When I used to sit on my grandame's knee  
And list to the story of Bunker Hill.  
Life gushed out there in a rich red blood;  
My grandmothers fell in that fight, you know;  
Would you have me shame the good old blood?  
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.  
Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,  
With its stars and stripes, and its field of blue,  
Is mowed, insulted, torn down, defiled,  
And trampled upon by the rebel crew.  
And England and France look on and sneer,  
"Ha, queen of the earth, thou art fallen low,"  
Earth's throne is shrouded in gloom and fear,  
No kiss me, mother, and let me go.  
Under the burning Southern skies,  
Our brothers languish in heart's pain,  
They turn to us with their pleading eyes;  
Oh, mother, say shall they turn in vain?  
Their ranks are thinned from sun to sun,  
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;  
Shall we let them die there, one by one?  
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.  
Can you selfishly cling to your household joys,  
Refusing the smallest tinge to yield,  
While thousands of mothers are sending boys  
Beloved as yours, to the battlefield?  
Can you see your country call in vain,  
And restrain your arm from the needful blow?  
Not so; tho' your heart should break with pain,  
You will kiss me, mother, and let me go.

### ONE MILLION MEN.

Hark! 'tis the tocsin of the day,  
Rallying our arms to the fray!  
Hark! how it sounds from hill to glen,  
For Union now, One Million Men!  
Where the Atlantic surges roar,  
By broad Pacific's distant shore,  
To hound rebellion from his den,  
Give the old flag One Million Men!  
Come! from the farm, the shop, the mill!  
Come! with a freeman's conquering will!  
Come! as our sire came, and then,  
Strike home, like them—One Million Men.  
Fathers! your sons surrender now!  
Mothers! entwine the patriot's brow!  
Give up the Union—give it ten  
Times more yet—One Million Men.

## Useful Hints.

**SEA SICKNESS.**—The July number of Still-  
man's Journal contains a paper by R. M. Bache,  
of the United States Coast Survey, on the  
"Physiology of Sea Sickness." Prof. Bache  
asserts the theory that this distressing malady  
is not a disease of the stomach, but of the brain,  
and arises from the fact of the mind not being  
able to understand the varying motions of the  
boat as rapidly as the senses feel them, thus  
causing a conflict of impressions, and a conse-  
quent action of the brain, which in turn de-  
ranges the nervous system, and produces nau-  
sea. The smell of food, and air, and similar  
matters may aggravate the disease, but are not  
the primary causes of it. As soon as the mind  
is educated up to a point that enables it to con-  
ceive the idea of each motion as soon as it is  
felt, sea sickness ceases.  
Prof. Bache recommends persons going on  
board a vessel to eat an ordinary meal, and  
whilst on board to converse as closely as possi-  
ble to their habits as whilst on land. The deck  
is the best place to remain during sea sickness,  
as the sight can there be best educated to the  
movements, and the fresh air has also a good  
effect. A steady gaze at the horizon enables  
the sufferer to eat more quickly the movements  
of the ship. If possible, choose a position  
amidships on deck, spread a mattress, lie down  
and look at the horizon, and then all has been  
done that can be done to prevent or cure sea  
sickness.

Put a stew of fresh beef, mutton and veal,  
cut or stew two pounds of fresh beef into ten  
or twelve pieces, put these into a saucepan  
with one and a half teaspoonful of salt, one tea-  
spoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of pepper,  
two middle-sized onions sliced, half a pint of  
water. Set on the fire for ten minutes until  
forming a thick gravy. Add a good tablespoon-  
ful of flour, stir on the fire a few minutes; add  
a quart and a half of water; let the whole sim-  
mer until the meat is tender. Beef will take  
from two hours and a half to three hours;  
mutton and pork, about two hours; veal, one  
hour and a quarter to one hour and a half;  
onions, sugar, and pepper, if not to be had,  
must be omitted; it will even then make a good  
dish; half a pound of sliced potatoes, or two  
ounces of preserved potatoes; ration vegeta-  
bles may be added, also a small dumpling.

**COSACK'S PLUMPUDDING.**—Put into a basin  
one pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound  
of raisins (stoned if time be allowed), three  
quarters of a pound of the fat of salt pork (well  
washed, cut into small dice, or chopped), two  
tablespoonful of sugar or treacle, and half pint  
of water, mix all together, put into a cloth tied  
tightly, boil for four hours and serve. If time  
will not admit, boil only two hours, though four  
are preferable. How to spoil the above—add  
anything to it.

**ECONOMY.**—Preserve the backs of old letters  
to write upon.  
If you have children who are learning to  
write, buy coarse white paper by the quantity,  
and keep it locked up, ready to be made into  
writing books. It does not cost half so much  
as it does to buy them at the stationers.  
See that nothing is thrown away which might  
have served to nourish your own family or a  
poorer one.  
All the mending in the house should be done  
a week if possible.

## Selected Tale.

### STILL KNITTING STOCKINGS.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

On a recent tour we happened to spend  
a day or two in Newark, New Jersey, with  
a friend, who will consider this, our "war-  
rant" of appreciation and thanks for the  
many kind favors received at his hands dur-  
ing our sojourn.

Driving one afternoon a few miles out of  
the city we approached a little cottage, or  
rather log cabin, which was evidently a  
survivor of the revolutionary era, or per-  
haps of still greater age. It was not so  
much the venerable appearance of the hum-  
ble cot that attracted our attention, as its  
peculiar location. Nestled down in a dingle  
or valley, below the level of the road,  
it was partially hidden from the traveller  
by a clump of trees with which it was sur-  
rounded, and through whose waving foliage  
we caught occasional glimpses of its  
 quaint, small-paneled windows, and the  
smoke curling fantastically from out its  
roughly constructed chimney.

There was something so romantic, so  
weird, about the modest building, that we  
questioned our friend concerning its his-  
tory, which we felt sure must be a strange  
one.

"That little cabin, as well as its own-  
er," replied he, "is one of the relics of the  
olden time; a souvenir of Washington's  
day. I could tell you many things about  
it; but would rather let you have all from  
the lips of Aunt Jane herself, the proprie-  
tor, who lives in it with a young girl whom  
she has lately adopted as her child and  
heir. We will step in on our return and  
have a talk with her, and I assure you that  
you will be more than astonished."

About an hour later we drove back to  
the log cabin, and my friend, fastening his  
horse, drew my arm through his, and to-  
gether we descended a flight of broad oak  
steps, or rather foot boards that brought us  
to the cool and shady garden before the  
cottage.

I was more surprised than ever. Before  
me stood the aged looking cabin, its quaint-  
ness displayed with full effect. The step  
in front of the door was a very broad flag  
stone, flanked right and left by two wide  
oak benches, painted a deep stone color.  
The door itself was one of those black wal-  
nut curiosities, of which few remain to the  
present generation, manufactured in Eng-  
land and "imported to the colonies" in days  
long since gone by.

Knocking loudly, my friend at the same  
time seized the huge iron handle and latch  
and waited permission to enter. This was  
instantly given and the following moment  
we ushered ourselves into a room of the  
Revolution. This is the only term that  
fifty describes the apartment in which we  
stood. Its furniture was all of the high,  
straight, uncomfortable looking style of  
that period. The long, dingy faced clock  
was revolutionary, the mantel piece and its  
rather clumsy ornaments were revolutionary,  
and the two inmates in appearance were  
very revolutionary.

The youngest one was a pale, sweet,  
looking girl of about fifteen, and was at-  
tired in a dress usually worn by the chil-  
dren of the time of Washington, which  
imparted to her a singularly strange look.

The eldest, who was dressed in the ex-  
act Martha Washington style, of brown or  
fawn-colored, short-waisted gown, high,  
full-puffed cap, and neat, white cambric  
"kerchief pinned about the shoulders, ap-  
peared to be somewhere about fifty or fifty-  
five years of age—no more.

"When we entered she was knitting wool-  
en stockings, of which lay a pile on either  
side of her. Seeing that we were visitors,  
she laid aside her work, and with much di-  
ligent rose and took a step forward to  
meet us.

"Good afternoon, aunt Jane," said my  
companion, advancing and taking the hos-  
tess by the hand, "allow me to present to  
you Mr. Bradshaw, a friend of mine, who  
was so much interested in your cottage,  
that I resolved to bring him to you; that  
he might hear its history, and yours also,  
from your own lips."

"You are very welcome, gentlemen; you  
do me much honor; I pray you to be seat-  
ed," was the reply in full, melodious tones  
made by Mrs. Jane Seymour, as she mo-  
tioned us to two chairs that the little girl  
had pulled down forward.

After a preliminary conversation, in  
which I found Mrs. Seymour fully posted  
upon National affairs, she commenced the  
following narrative:—

"Ninety-nine years ago, last Wednesday,  
I was born in New York city. Do not  
start sir," she continued, "as we involun-  
tarily manifested some astonishment at this  
statement, made as it was by one whose  
nearly black hair, bright eyes and full  
form indicated no more than fifty five at  
farthest. 'Ninety-nine years have passed  
over me and left me no friend or relation,  
save my country, for a long, long time.'"

who had been subsequently murdered by  
Indians. After their death the house,  
which had the character of being haunted,  
was allowed to remain unoccupied, and  
was tumbling in ruins, when father took  
possession of it and repaired it. We were  
never troubled by spirits, and began to  
prosper very well, just as the war broke  
out between Great Britain and the Colo-  
nies.

At this juncture our family consisted of  
besides father and mother, two sons, Rob-  
ert and James, and three girls, Elizabeth,  
Mary and myself; and, sir, it makes my  
heart even to-day tremble with joy, when I  
say that all of us entered at once, and  
earnestly, into the sacred cause of our  
country. Father, and Robert, and James,  
went into the Provincial army, while mo-  
ther and us girls remained to take care of  
the home and little clearing.

I was too young at the time to be of  
much use in this respect, and for while I  
did not know what to get at, that, in my  
childish conception, I thought would serve  
the great cause. At last, one day as I was  
helping mother to comb some wool, an idea  
struck me—I could knit stockings to keep  
the soldiers' feet warm in winter time.

The next morning I was up with the  
sun, and with a good large ball of yarn,  
and plenty of stout, steel needles. I com-  
menced my work, and for weeks together,  
from dawn to dark, I sat and knit and  
sang. So enthusiastic was I, in fact, with  
my occupation, that I was soon nicknamed  
the "Army Stocking Knitter."

"Time wore on, and still I knitted, and  
when in the winter of 1776, Gen. Wash-  
ington and his brave army was forced to  
retreat before the British to Newark, I  
was still as busily at work as ever.

At this time I was thirteen, and I re-  
member with vivid distinctness the sad  
and heart-rending scenes I then witnessed.  
The day the troops came into Newark,  
they marched down this very road, and  
oh, sir, it was a pitiable sight; the snow  
was deep and the weather piercing cold,  
with a sleety rain falling.

Many of the soldiers were half-naked,  
and without shoes or stockings, while their  
hands were so frozen around the stocks  
and barrels of their muskets that they  
could not unclasp them. Yet all seemed  
to bear up heroically, though they were so  
worn and cold that they staggered like  
drunken men.

General Washington suffered equally  
with the humblest soldier in the army, and  
endeavored to cheer the sinking heroes  
forward. As the troops marched past, he  
stood upon that large stone that you saw  
close to the top of the stairs leading down  
to our garden, and spoke kindly and en-  
couragingly to them, while they in return  
brisked up, and cheered him as lustily as  
they were able.

The sick and wounded he ordered to be  
carried down into our house until it was  
full. The rest were sent on with the ar-  
my.

After they had gone, he came down him-  
self, and remained nearly two hours, look-  
ing to the comfort of his disabled men, for  
whom we all did our best. My main an-  
xiety was to present each of them with a  
pair of my nice, warm, woolen stockings,  
of which I had fifty pairs, and I was de-  
lighted beyond description at the gladness  
with which my gifts were received.

Unconscious of, or rather not under-  
standing the difference in rank of the Com-  
mander-in-Chief, I picked out the largest  
pair of stockings I had, because of his  
great size, and going to him, timidly laid  
them upon his lap as he sat talking with a  
wounded officer. In a moment my mother  
seized me, and with a sharp rebuke for my  
rudeness, was about to remove me, when  
she was restrained by General Washing-  
ton, who, placing his arm around me, drew  
me to him and kissed me, saying:—

"God bless you, my dear little daughter,  
are these for me?" picking up the stock-  
ings.

"I answered shyly that they were, and,  
pointing to the rest, told him he might  
have them also.

"I will take them," he said, "and give  
them to my sick soldiers. And now I will  
give you this for yourself."

With these words he removed a little  
golden trinket from his watch guard and  
placed it in my hand. Then kneeling  
down, with me close beside him, he prayed  
loud and earnestly. He had scarcely fin-  
ished, when a horseman dashed up, and  
the following moment entered, and in-  
formed him that the British were in full  
pursuit. With a hasty farewell he went  
out, and mounting his horse galloped away  
after his little army.

"Soon after a detachment of the ene-  
my's dragoons came along and took posses-  
sion of our cabin, but suffered us and our  
wounded guests to remain unmolested.

The next time I saw Washington was  
the day he entered Trenton in triumph,  
when, with many young ladies, I strewed  
flowers in his path. After that the rev-  
olution went along with varying success,  
until the crowning victory at Yorktown  
secured to Americans the fruit of their  
struggle. When the army was disbanded,  
father and Robert returned safe and sound,  
but James was killed in the battle of Ger-

mantown, and buried close by Chew's  
house.

Years passed on, and one by one those  
engaged in the war of Independence drop-  
ped off. Washington and his estimable  
wife were gathered home; and my mother,  
my father, my two sisters and Robert, were  
laid in the tomb, and at sixty years of age,  
I found myself without a relation in the  
wide world. I, too, now wished to be  
gone, but waited patiently God's own time.

In my sixty-ninth year I was decrepit,  
nearly blind, and my hair was white as  
the snow. In my seventieth year, how-  
ever, a great change came over me. I rap-  
idly recovered my strength, my white hair  
turned dark as you now see it, and I put  
away my spectacles, my eyesight becom-  
ing so strong that I can easily now read  
the smallest print.

For many, many years, it has been a  
source of wonderment to me why I was so  
highly favored by Providence, but I see it  
now. I have thus been permitted to live  
that, as in my childhood I beheld the birth  
struggles of the American Republic, I  
may, before I am gathered home, witness  
the great question proved that she is ca-  
pable of ruling, of conquering herself."

And, sir, I bless my Maker that my eyes  
will be permitted to see the second great  
struggle of America ended in a manner  
that will make her the first nation on the  
earth. When this comes to pass I shall  
be ready to say: 'Now, Lord, lettest thou  
thine handmaid die, for my eyes have seen  
thy glory.'

I pray night and morning for our brave  
volunteers; and not only that, but as I  
knitted stockings in my first childhood for  
Washington's army, so in my second child-  
hood I employ my time in knitting stock-  
ings for THE ARMY OF THE UNION. And  
should death overtake me ere peace spreads  
her bright wings over our land, he will  
find me knitting, still knitting stockings  
for the volunteers.

## SPIRIT TELEGRAPH.

"Whosoever shall not receive the king-  
dom of God as a little child, shall not en-  
ter it."—Mark 10c. xv.

This seems to have always been, and to  
be the law that governs man's reception of  
ever advancing truth. The principle is  
beautifully illustrated in the following  
communication, which has been furnished  
the writer by Mr. Rowland T. Robinson,  
of Vermont, a man of unquestionable  
probity and veracity. It would seem—if  
I follow is correct—that, whilst it is not  
required of seekers after higher truths to  
believe in advance of individual knowl-  
edge, still "a willingness to receive the  
truth," is imperatively essential to its  
being imparted from the angel, or spirit-  
world. It was a marvel to many in the  
olden, as it is at the present time, that  
"publicans and sinners" were then, and  
are now, permitted entrance into the spir-  
itual kingdom "before the chief priests and  
elders of the people." All experienced  
"spiritualists" of the present day will  
bear testimony, that the higher and more  
developed the communicating spirit, the  
more simple, loving and childlike is his ex-  
pression; and it is often a subject of re-  
gret and mortification to believers to wit-  
ness the fact, that whilst uneducated and  
uninfluential men are often vouchsafed a  
bountiful supply of spiritual food at our  
little meetings, educated and influential  
members of society, who have perhaps  
been persuaded to investigate the truth of  
"modern spiritualism" for themselves,  
are frequently allowed to go away empty.

The loving and childlike character of many  
of the communicating intelligences, pre-  
cludes the idea that truths are given to the  
one or withheld from the other, from motives  
of favoritism or captiousness; and this  
would seem to strengthen the supposition  
that the law that controls the intercourse  
between the worlds, requires that there  
must not only be a willingness on the part  
of spirits to give, but also on that of  
mortals to receive, before the higher  
truths can be imparted. In other words,  
the aspirations after pure truth unadulter-  
ated by educational training, prejudice, or  
belief, constitutes the spiritual telegraph  
on which it can alone descend. There are  
many passages in the new testament that  
would seem to corroborate this. The wel-  
ling-tide of charity and compassion that  
permeated the beautiful life of Jesus, forbids  
the supposition that so unselfish a nature  
would have withheld from infirm mortals  
any good in his power to bestow, merely  
because they were unable to believe in his  
name or power; and yet it is recorded, that  
when in the full tide of his divine mission  
"he was come into his own country,"  
where all familiarly knew him as being but  
a humble "carpenter's son," whose mother  
was "called Mary," and whose brothers  
and sisters were all with them, "he did  
(was unable to do, as some translators  
render it,) not many mighty works there-  
because of their unbelief;" or, probably,  
because they were unable to believe in his  
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A Mission of extraordinary brilliancy  
noticed by many persons on board the Albatross  
on her down trip Tuesday evening about  
8 o'clock. It moved from the North and a  
North and as it motion was very slow.

It is now definitely settled that the 8th Maine will be made up of three hundred thousand volunteers and the number requisite to fill up the elements.

The Ninth Regiment E. I. Volunteer

The Secretary of War has started the  
of the negro regiments now being at  
Kansas, Rhode Island, Massachusetts,  
or places, will be mustered into the  
States service, through some local as-  
sisting to be made of them.

In the battle last Saturday, Lieut.  
Amos, Jr., of Co. K, 10th Mass.,  
was killed. He belonged to Littleton.  
He graduated at Harvard College in  
1865.

Another change has taken place in  
ment of the South. Major Gen.  
having been assigned to that duty.

When Congress adjourned, Gurnea returned to his home in the Territory, as it was to be heard of the first of September, when he came forward with authority and rendered his services to the government in a military capacity. His first official commission, Lord took out the famous "The New York Times" at a time when the soldiers were of great value to the corps since had lost the value of his discipline, and the of the regiment have benefited their of his services and love of his presenting him with a most money as sent award and commendation. He sent a letter to the Secretary of the Army, and the efficiency and brilliant work of his campaign, at Fort

... was a... of his... and... generally educated... a worthy citizen must be met by our... of higher education to pro... and well-instructed thinkers... of statesmen, and thoroughly trained

considerable command in Virginia  
N. Y. A







